
Title: Recipes (or so it says)

Author: the servant

April 15:

The master has long since
sent the healers away,
and M'Lady's condition
does not improve. I
think we all know there
is nothing to be done for
her. Such a sad thing

too, for she is a most
kind and Virtuous soul
and the Master loves her
dearly. I fear for what
will happen to him when
the day finally comes.
His devotion to her is so
very passionate.

April 21:

A strange man visited
the house today. He had
a dark and disturbing air
about him. I think the
Master would be better
off not socializing with
him, but I know it is not

my place to say so.
Still, it is good that he
has some company,
however unsavory, for he
has been shunning his
friends and family all
month.

May 16:

M'Lady seems in good
spirits today, either that
or she is putting on a
very brave face. M'lord,
however troubles me. He
has been acting odd lately
since the last time his

"friend" came by; locking
himself in the study so
that I can't even get in

there to clean! The
place must be a wreck,
for I heard something
shatter in there one
night. If he broke that

antique vase of the
Missus, she will surely be
upset.

May 31:

The master forgot to
lock the door to the
study this morning and I

was finally able to go
inside to clean. It was
a mess (as I expected)
but not quite in the way
I imagined. Books and
papers lay strewn
everywhere, and while
nothing of major

importance seems to be
broken, i did notice some
odd shards laying on a
table near an eerily
glowing crystal. Just as
I was about to run from
the room in fright, the
Master came in and

threw me out. He has
asked me to pack my
things and leave, coming
only each morning and
afternoon to give Lady
Palasin her medicines. I
am truly becoming
concerned...

June 23:

The day has come at
last. M'lady passed on in
the middle of the night,
and as I feared, the
Master seems to have
lost his mind. Even now
I hear him thrashing

about in the study
upstairs. I know I should
go in to comfort him,
but I am terrified. He
is truly in a rage and I
fear he may harm me in
his despair.

July 1:

The master seems oddly calm since the funeral last week, but there is a mad gleam in his eyes that worries me, and he stalks about the house like a beast on the prowl.

July 12:

I come each morning to do my chores and leave as quickly as I can these days. Many times the Master does not seem to be here, but I hear strange noises coming

from what seems to be the floor below. I was told this house had a dungeon once, but I have never found any entrance to a basement. This place is beginning to spook me. There is a new shipment

of spirits nearly every day now, and the Master's eyes are bloodshot with too much ale. I fear he is drinking himself to oblivion.

July 24:

Master Erric was unusually nice when I arrived today, although he reeked of stale wine. He had ordered a block of caramel and asked me to make candy apples, as

they were M'lady's favorite treat and today would have been her 30th birthday. The apples look quite delicious, and he encouraged me to go ahead and eat some. I've been feeling a bit ill

since I did though, and it is getting hard to carry about my chores. I

should really go and stir
the kettle on the
fireplace now, but I am
so tired. I must get up
and take care of it

though, for he will
surely be displeased
if I burn the
fo...

*an ink line trails across
the page and the rest of
the book is empty*